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The Witmark Stage Publications

MOCK TRIAL

OF

The Great Kidnapping and Breach of Promise Case;

OR,

BALM FOR A WOUNDED HEART.

By

FRANK DUMONT

M. WITMARK & SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO LONDON

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NEW YORK ✦ CHICAGO ✦ LONDON

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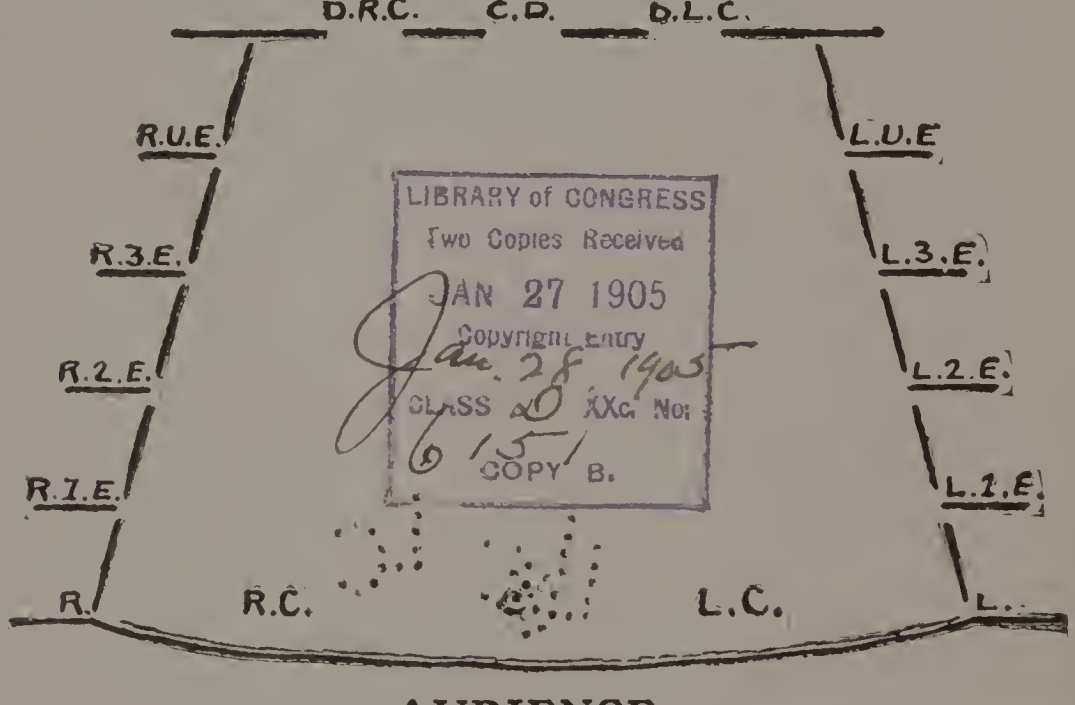
PROPERTIES.

High desk for the JUDGE, with high stool behind it. Plenty of documents, books and writing materials. A table in front of JUDGE'S stand for the lawyers, with two chairs; writing materials, books, documents, etc., upon this table. Twelve chairs ranged in double or single circle for the jury. A witness Box R. Prisoner's box L. These are made of light wood material and painted brown. Umbrella for lady DOCTOR. Crutches for the defendant. Small satchel with flask, powder puff, etc., for plaintiff. A pedler's outfit of collar buttons, neckties, for HOCKHEIMER. Each character of the jury should be supplied with the articles his trade or profession calls for to enhance each individual entrance. Semi-police uniform for COURT OFFICER. Razor for the COLORED JUROR.

DIAGRAM OF STAGE.



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AUDIENCE.

L. 1. E.—Left first entrance.
R. 1. E.—Right first entrance.
L. U. E.—Left upper entrance.
C.—Centre of stage.
R. C.—Right centre of stage.
L. C.—Left centre of stage.
C. D.—Centre door.
D. R. C.—Door right centre.
D. L. C.—Door left centre.

COSTUMES.

JUDGE—Frock coat, white vest, striped trousers, made up rather fat and with bald wig and eye glasses, red 'kerchief.

OFFICER OF COURT—Semi-police make-up.

LAWYERS—Extravagant Costumes a la "Marks the Lawyer." One ought to be tall, the other short and stout.

ABIJAH PIPPINS—White pants, checked vest, bald and gray, spectacles, very aged, decrepit, toothless, wrinkled and consumptive looking. Old fashioned blue coat.

LEONORA—Very flashy costume, made extravagant, big red hat, plenty of flowers and roses. Have the colors to suit the player.

AMELIA—Natty costume, stylish in colors and shape.

LEVI HOCKHEIMER—Comic Hebrew peddler's make up. Garments large and loose, hat too big for his head. Funny whiskers, large shoes.

ONE LUNG GONG—Chinaman's costume such as seen in laundries and upon the streets.

MRS. DOCTOR PULLEM—This is a combination costume of a rainy day skirt, man's coat and vest, eye glasses, short hair wig, Fedora hat, umbrella, small satchel attached to her belt.

VANDERBILT PERSIMMONS—A dandy colored barber extravagant costume, razor in hip pocket, clothes of a loud pattern and flashy.

JAMISON JAMS—Seedy black costume, pale features, battered hat.

WURSTMACHER—Fat German butcher, white apron, shirt sleeves, vest, striped pants, yellow wig, florid face and red nose.

JOHN MEASLES—Ordinary suit, torn, face covered here and there with court plaster, bruises and has a black eye.

HOOLIGAN—Make up similar to Hooligan the tramp as pictured in Sunday papers.

MCGUFF, THE ACTOR—Seedy black frock coat, white hat, long hair, pale features, heavy eyebrows, red nose, striped pants and white gaiters, red vest. Part should be performed by a tall man.

MULLIGATAWNI—Italian make-up, velvet coat, wide pants, checkered vest, black wig, heavy eyebrows, signs of unshaven face, earrings, red 'kerchief tied about head

BEESWAX—Any funny combination of odd clothing.

AUNTY SIMPSON—Funny old wench's make up, funny dress, colored waist, 'kerchief around head and old style bonnet. Let the player have full license in selecting a funny old wench's costume.

CAST.

JUDGE WISEHEAD, an eminent limb of the law.

GILLFILLIN, OFFICER OF THE COURT, a very important person.

LAWYER FUSSYBOY, for the plaintiff.

LAWYER SNAPCASH, for the defendant.

ABIJAH PIPPINS, the defendant.

LEONORA SMITHERS-TRUSTLY, the plaintiff.

AMELIA BEDELIA ARROWROOT, Leonora's companion.

THE JURY.

LEVI HOCKHEIMER, a Hebrew merchant.

ONE LUNG GONG, Chinese laundryman.

MRS. DOCTOR ANAESTHESTIC PULLEM, a strong minded female.

VANDERBILT PERSIMMONS, a colored barber and sport.

JAMISON JAMS, addicted to fever and chills.

GOTLEIB WURSTMACHER, a German sausage constructor.

JOHN MEASLES, an amateur football player.

HOOLIGAN, sassy, fat and happy—a tramp by occupation.

FOOTLIGHT MCGUFF, a stranded actor.

PEDRO MULLIGATAWNI, an Italian exile.

SILLICUS BEESWAX, a stuttering stutterer.

OLD AUNTY SIMPSON, a colored wash-lady.

MOCK TRIAL

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OR,

BALM FOR A WOUNDED HEART.

SCENE.

A chamber to represent a court-room. The JUDGE'S *stand and desk is up stage C. Seats for the* JURY *are placed L. of* JUDGE. *Seats for newspaper reporters are R. In front of* JUDGE'S *stand is a table with books, documents, etc., for the attorneys. There is a witness stand down L. and a prisoner's box or stand down R.*

At the opening of scene, GILLFILLIN, THE OFFICER OF THE COURT, *bows in the* JUDGE *L.* 1 *E., capering before him.*

OFFICER—This way, your honor! You're always late but early to-day. You're last but first this time. You're a trifle behind but you're before.

JUDGE—That will do! (*Goes to desk.*) Go ahead and cry.

OFFICER (*shouts*)—Oh, yes! Oh, yes! The court is open, for his honor is here!

Enter FUSSYBOY, *a tall, lean lawyer, with books and papers, L.* 1 *E. Collides with* OFFICER *L. C., nearly upsetting him.*

FUSSYBOY—Beg pardon, but I'm in a hurry. (*Goes L. of table.*)

OFFICER—If you killed me I'd sue you for manslaughter.

(*Enter* SNAPCASH, *another fussy lawyer, L.* 1 *E. Collides with* OFFICER, *knocking him down C.*)

SNAP.—Excuse me, excuse me. I didn't see you. (*Goes to table.*)

OFFICER (*rising*)—What's the matter with all the liars to-day? They must think they're out in automobiles, knocking down and running over people that way.

JUDGE (*raps*)—Call in the JURY from the jury room.

OFFICER (*calls from list*)—LEVI HOCKHEIMER!

(*Enter* LEVI *R.* 1 *E. with pedler's outfit of collar buttons, shoelaces, etc.*)

LEVI—Vell, vat iss? I don't like me such foolishness! Pusiness is pusiness, and I'm losing money, so help me gracious, vile I'm here in court house nonsense. Vat I know 'pout it? Nottings at all.

OFFICER—Go sit down. You're one of the JURY.

LEVI—I'm glad dis vas a Yiddisher theatre, eh? I got a seat for nottings. Dot's a fine pusiness, fine pusiness.

JUDGE—Take a chair. Take a chair.

LEVI—Oh, tank you. (*Takes a chair.*) I bring it to Rebecca. Much obligeness! (*Going.*)

OFFICER—Here! Put that chair back. Go sit on it.

LEVI—Vat funny peoples. You gif me sometings and you take 'em avay. (LEVI *sits on* JURY *side of room.*)

JUDGE—Call the next juror!

OFFICER (*calls*)—ONE LUNG GONG! Come in here! (*Enter Chinaman L.* 1 *E. with flatiron.*)

ONE LUNG—Walla samee, no savez, no membee, no tickee no washee.

JUDGE—Do you speak English? (*Chinaman shakes head in the negative.*) Do you speak French? (*Same bus.*) Do you speak German? (*Same bus.*) How old are you? (*Same bus.*) Have you any parents? (*Same bus.*) Do you speak Italian? (*Same bus.*) Do you speak Hindoo? (*Same bus.*) You will observe that I have addressed him in seven different languages and he can't understand me. Go sit down.

ONE LUNG—Gottee make shirtee. No foolee, here. Me blissy, ver blissy!

OFFICER—Go sit down with the JURY over there or I'll rap you over that calf's tail you have on your topknot. Go on! (*Goes and sits beside* LEVI, *who tries to sell him some of his wares.*)

JUDGE—Call the next juror.

OFFICER—MRS. DOCTOR ANAESTHESTIC PULLEM! (*Enter strong-minded woman, half bloomer, half female, man's derby, umbrella, spectacles, etc.*)

DOCTOR—I want to know why I'm summoned here? I want you to know that I'm a champion of our cause, and that women have as much right to serve on the JURY as men. But that is not the point at issue. (*Starts in to make a speech.*) My fellow sufferers, we have all been tortured in silence long enough, but, thank Heaven, the day of emancipation has arrived for us to go to the polls and vote, to take the places of men who have usurped the rights that

do not belong to them! (JUDGE *raps for order.*) You shut up yourself, you old toper. I knew you before you got to be JUDGE and your wife took in washing to support you! Don't you dare tell me to shut up. I'm a free American citizen, as good as any man that ever walked in shoe leather, and don't you forget it. (*Strikes* OFFICER *with umbrella.*)

JUDGE—Make that man—woman—sit down. Take your place among the JURY!

DOCTOR—I'll be the foreman of this JURY, you can be sure! They'll do as I say or I'll chastise every one of them! (*Sits among the* JURY. LEVI *tries to sell her collar buttons, etc.*) No, I don't want to buy anything. Give me room to allow my brain to think!

JUDGE—Call the next juror!

OFFICER—VANDERBILT PERSIMMONS!

(VANDERBILT, *a dandy barber coon, enters L.* 1 *E., smoking a cigar.*)

VANDER. (*entering*)—Right here, sah!

JUDGE—No smoking in here. Throw away that cigar! (VANDER. *throws cigar C.* OFFICER *goes to pick it up, but* VANDER *pulls it back by black string or thread.*)

VANDER. (*smiling blandly*)—I'll take care of it myself.

JUDGE—What is your occupation?

VANDER.—I'm a barber by profession, but a gambling man by preference.

JUDGE—So you play cards for money?

VANDER—No, sah. I didn't play cards for money. I played cards for chips.

JUDGE—Well, you got money for your chips at the end of the game, didn't you?

VANDER.—No, sah! I didn't *have any chips* at the end of the game.

JUDGE—What other occupation do you follow?

VANDER.—Sometimes I'm in the poultry business.

JUDGE—Do you buy poultry?

VANDER.—No! I *raises* poultry!

JUDGE—Where-abouts?

VANDER.—Anywhere! Just as I happens to hear about where there's a lot waiting to be raised.

JUDGE—You mean you steal chickens?

VANDER.—No, sah! I just kidnaps 'em. I'm in the chicken trust, and the farmers are stockholders.

JUDGE—Go sit down among the JURY.

VANDER.—All right, JUDGE, but don't keep me here too long. There's a crap game and some orphan chickens that need a good home! (LEVI *tries to sell him some of his wares.*)

DOCTOR (*to* VANDER.)—Sit over there and close your face! (*Browbeats him to a seat.*)

OFFICER—Next curiosity. Come in, JAMISON JAMS!

(JAMISON *enters L. 1 E. He shakes in all limbs and liable to have a fit at any moment. He shambles in, shaking, etc. Alarms the jurors, and the attorneys move as if to go to* JUDGE *for protection.*)

JUDGE—It's all right. The man merely has fever and chills. He won't hurt you.

DOCTOR—Well, don't put him over here. We don't want any contagious complaints.

JUDGE—Sit among the JURY and keep still if you can!

JAMS—JUDGE, I can't keep still. They have to tie me in bed or I'd shake myself out of it.

DOCTOR—If I was your wife I'd keep you in the coal cellar. You'd be just the thing to sift ashes. (*Bus. imitating him.* JAMS *sits among the* JURY. LEVI *tries to sell him something.* JAMS *takes hold of the pedler's board and nearly shakes it apart.* LEVI *grabs it from him.*)

LEVI—I wouldn't sell him anyting. He couldn't get his money out of his pocket.

JUDGE—Call the next juror.

OFFICER—GOTLIEB WURSTMACHER!

(*Enter German butcher L.* 1 *E. Make him stupid looking, and with apron on as if just called from his shop.*)

GOT.—Shudge, I vish you to explosion yourself. (*All laugh.*)

OFFICER—He wants the JUDGE to blow himself up.

GOT.—I mean explode it mit me.

JUDGE—What do you want to know?

GOT.—Explanation the explosion why I am here by der court house alretty!

JUDGE—You're to serve on the JURY to decide an important case. You're a juror.

GOT.—I doan tink I makes a juror. I doan speak me goot English. I don't ferstand vat dem liars vas talking about.

JUDGE—Neither does anybody else. You can't be excused. Take your seat.

GOT.—I got to make fifty pounds sissinges for (*local hotel ~~or saloon~~*).

JUDGE—I can't help that. Sit down.

DOCTOR—Sit down or I'll knock you down. I'm running this JURY. (*Aims blow at* GOT. *and pushes him into a seat.*)

GOT.—Don't be so rambaloostic!

LEVI (*offers wares*)—Collar buttons, shoestrings?

GOT.—No, I don't put any in my sausages; nothings but bulldogs.

JUDGE—Call the next man.

OFFICER—Next freak! Come in, JOHN MEASLES!

(*Enter* MEASLES, *arm in sling, face all battered up, and bandage around his leg.*)

JUDGE—Are you a married man?

MEASLES—No, sir. All these scratches and bruises came from getting over a barbed wire fence. My wife can do better than this.

OFFICER—She must be a cuckoo, then.

MEASLES—I was learning to play football and I was the quarterback.

OFFICER—You look as if they'd broke your back.

JUDGE—Take your place among the JURY.

DOCTOR—Come over here. If I was your wife you'd come here on a stretcher. Sit down. Don't talk back, or I'll finish decorating your physignohominy. (MEASLES *sits down.* LEVI *tries to sell him something. This bus. has to be done quietly to be effectively.*)

JUDGE—Next juror. Hurry them in.

OFFICER—This fellow calls himself HOOLIGAN. I guess it's him. Come in here, HOOLIGAN.

(*Enter* HOOLIGAN THE TRAMP *L.* 1 *E.*)

HOOLIGAN—I'm always in the court house or in jail, so I'm at home in either place.

JUDGE—You've been summoned to be a juror. Do you know the nature of an oath?

HOOLIGAN—I do.

JUDGE—Give me an example.

HOOLIGAN—Gee whiz. Darn it!

JUDGE—Go sit down among the jurors and keep your wits about you.

HOOLIGAN—I will if that bunch don't try to steal 'em from me. Where did you get the museum?

DOCTOR—Come over here and sit down, or I'll use this umbrella on your cranium. (HOOLIGAN *sits down.* LEVI *about to sell him something.*)

LEVI—No. He's money's no good. (HOOLIGAN *dozes off and is ready to snore at cue.*)

JUDGE—Who is the next juror?

OFFICER—A bum actor, your honor. Captured him trying to climb out of the hotel window.

JUDGE—Call him to the bar!

OFFICER—FOOTLIGHT MCGUFF, come to the bar! (MCGUFF *rushes in L.* 1 *E.*)

MCGUFF—What welcome sound is this? Me to the bar? Aye, aye, I will. Give me a gin fizz and a Manhattan cocktail!

JUDGE—Silence! You're at the bar of justice.

MCGUFF—Grim despair seizes upon my soul. (HOOLIGAN *snores and whistles.*) Ah! What sound is that? The bloodhounds are upon my track. Where shall I hide? Ah! Yonder precipice is only five thousand feet high. I'll jump from it and baffle

the enemy. (*Dashes toward* JURY; *scatters them.* HOOLIGAN *falls off his chair.* DOCTOR *strikes at actor with umbrella.* JUDGE *rapping for "order" and shouting "Order! Order!" etc. Order is restored.*)

DOCTOR—Sit down, and the first monkey shine out of you, down you go! (*Actor sits down quietly as* DOCTOR *threatens him.*)

JUDGE—Call next juror, quick.

OFFICER—SILLICUS BEESWAX! Come in!

(*Enter* BEESWAX *L. 1 E., the stuttering man. Soon as he is C.* JAMISON JAMS *goes into an eccentric fit, alarming everybody. The* JURY *shouts: "Hold him, hold him!"*)

JUDGE—OFFICER! Hold that man!

OFFICER—Hold him yourself. He may have the hydrophobia! (DOCTOR *drives* JAM *to his seat.* LEVI *has sought safety up beside the* JUDGE; *now returns timidly to his seat, and everything is quieted, but all keep their eyes upon* JAM, *expecting another outbreak.*)

JUDGE (*to* SILLICUS)—Where do you reside?

SILLICUS—N-n-n-number f-f-f-f-orty-seven m-m-m-m——

OFFICER—Whistle it! Whistle it!

JUDGE—Never mind where you live. What's your occupation?

SILLICUS—I t-t-t-t-teach l-l-l-l-elocution! (*All laugh.*)

JUDGE—Go and sit down!

MCGUFF—Ah! ah! He teaches elocution. He's stealing my business! Methinks there be seven Richmonds in the field. Lay on, McDuff!

DOCTOR (*approaches him*)—I'll lay it on to you good and thick if you don't sit down!

OFFICER—Rest of the JURY come in!

(*Enter* MULLIGATAWNI, *an Italian organ-grinder. If an organ cannot be obtained, make this character a fruit vender or chestnut roaster. He is followed in by* OLD AUNTY SIMPSON, *a colored mammy, with a wash basket. Both are quarreling and threaten to strike each other as they enter.*)

AUNTY—Don't talk to me, you dago foreigner. I'se an American lady of African descent.

PEDRO—You no speak a me! You black a face monk! I takea de stillet and makea you da smoke beef.

AUNTY—You will, eh! Oh! Jes' let me get in my pocket and pull out my scissors. I'll cut you up into macaroni.

(OFFICER *separates and quiets them. Forces them to go and sit among the* JURY.)

OFFICER—The JURY is all here, your honor; ten men, one woman, and a woman's rights man—or man's rights woman!

JUDGE (*raps*)—Order in the court! The JURY is sworn to render a verdict according to the evidence. Do you swear?

JURY—Yes.

JUDGE—Then swear!

JURY—Gosh darn it!

JUDGE—We are now ready for the trial.

FUSSYBOY—I represent the plaintiff.

SNAPCASH—I appear for the defendant.

JUDGE—Call the plaintiff.

OFFICER—MRS. LEONORA SMITHERS TRUSTLY!

(*Enter* MRS. SMITHERS TRUSTLY, *the defendant, L.* 1 *E., very flashy in all details. Buxom and giddy. She is accompanied by a lady friend, an old maid, eccentric makeup. Lawyers and* OFFICER *bow to her and* JURY *arise and try to flirt with her.* JUDGE *raps for "order."*)

JUDGE—No flirting in this court!

(MRS. TRUSTLY *sits on witness side of room fanning herself, and smirking at all the men.* OFFICER *tries to attract her attention, but catches the* JUDGE'S *eye and wilts.* FUSSYBOY *goes to her and has silent consultation.*)

SNAPCASH—Your honor, my client is ready to proceed with the case when you are .

JUDGE—Bring in the wretch who has trifled with the affections of that blooming bud and wrecked her trusting heart on the rocks of deceit. Call that trifler, ABIJAH PIPPINS.

OFFICER—ABIJAH PIPPINS, you gay Lothario, come into court.

(ABIJAH PIPPINS *enters L.* 1 *E. upon crutches, apparently in the last stages of a human wreck. Bald, deaf, toothless and crippled.* OFFICER *wants to be rough with him, but allows him to sit near prisoner's stand.*)

OFFICER—He thinks this is the cemetery.

JUDGE—Is this JURY satisfactory?

FUSSYBOY—It is to our side.

SNAP.—And satisfactory to us.

JUDGE (*to* JURY)—You will render a verdict in the case of MRS. LEONORA SMITHERS TRUSTLY ver-

SUS ABIJAH PIPPINS, defendant, whom she charges with an attempt to kidnap her, and also for breach of promise. She sues for $5,000 damages for a broken heart and blighted affections. (LEONORA *begins to weep violently.*)

FUSSYBOY (*soothes her*)—Compose yourself. (*Aside.*) Don't cry yet. I'll tell you when. (*Addresses* JUDGE *and* JURY.) May it please your honor and gentlemen of the JURY, also ladies in it, I present my case to you. This plaintiff, MRS. LEONORA SMITHERS TRUSTLY, has been most grievously dealt with by a reckless villain, who won her heart, then trampled upon it as you would a bug. This was all done with malice intent and with a deliberate brazenness and in a cold blooded, insinuating manner, as if young and trusting hearts were but playthings, to be broken and cast aside. Here sits this poor, suffering, heart broken bud! Torn from the bush of loveliness by a vandal, a serpent in the Garden of Eden—a robber of innocent hearts and guileless affections such as possessed by this shrinking, crushed and blighted lily. (*Aside.*) Weep—sob. (LEONORA *weeps and sobs, which lead up to hysterics.* JURY *rise, and all want to go to her assistance.* DOCTOR *beats them back.*)

MCGUFF—My life, my love! Juliet, I come to thee. (DOCTOR *pulls him back into his seat.*)

DOCTOR—Sit down and act like a human man.

(LEONORA *recovers, powders her face with puff, gets bottle from handbag and smells it.* OFFICER *manages to get the bottle and gets a drink from it. Appears delighted.*)

OFFICER—It's gin! (*About to drink again.* JURY *are on their feet clamoring for the bottle, when* LEONORA *seizes it from* OFFICER'S *hand and replaces it in bag.*) Sit down, JURY, the saloon's closed.

FUSSYBOY—MRS. LEONORA SMITHERS TRUSTLY, take the stand.

LEONORA—Oh, dear! I'm so nervous. I'm sure my nose is red from weeping so much. (*Enters witness stand.*)

JUDGE—The evidence you will give in this case will be the truth, or as much of it as you can tell?

LEONORA—Yes, sir! (*Begins to cry again.* FUSSYBOY *soothes her.*)

JUDGE—What is your name?

LEONORA—MRS. LEONORA SMITHERS TRUSTLY.

JUDGE—You are a widow?

LEONORA—Yes, JUDGE.

JUDGE—Is your husband dead?

LEONORA—Certainly my husband's dead.

JUDGE—Why, of course he is if he's dead! What is your age, madam?

LEONORA (*hesitates*)—About twenty-three! (JURORS *laugh.* OFFICER *laughs louder.* DOCTOR *screams with joy.* JUDGE *raps for order.*)

JUDGE—Silence! She said *about* twenty-three.

FUSSYBOY—Tell your simple story of wrong and suffering to the JURY. Tell them how you were kidnapped and the breach of promise inflicted by that heartless wretch seated there!

LEONORA—I'll try, but—but—but——

OFFICER (*to* JURY)—Don't *butt in* anybody.

LEONORA—I'm so nervous. I'm all unstrung.

(*Begins to weep again.* FUSSYBOY *soothes her ad lib.*)

(*At this point* PIPPINS *begins to cough violently.*)

FUSSYBOY—Listen to him, your honor. The old reprobate is chuckling to himself! (*To* LEONORA.) Go on with your heartrending story.

LEONORA—It was at a birthday party that I first met that gay deceiver over there. He danced in every set with me, and wouldn't allow any other gentleman to ask me. After that he was constantly at my side, and we went to supper together.

MCGUFF (*rises*)—And what did you have for supper? Ye gods and little fishes, but my stomach hungereth for provisions.

JURY—Sit down and shut up!

JUDGE—Another such interruption and it will be contempt of court.

DOCTOR—I assure you that I have the utmost contempt for this court.

LEVI—Collar buttons! Shoe laces, neckties. Here's a bargain!

JUDGE (*raps*)—Silence! OFFICER, arrest the next unruly person! (*To* LEONORA.) Proceed, gentle creature.

LEONORA—After supper he insisted on seeing me home—and (*giggles*) as it was a lonesome journey I allowed him to. He stood at our front door a long time. I thought he'd never go! Well, he asked me to call again some night, and he called seven times that week. (*Powders her face with puff.*) One night he told me he felt awfully lonesome and

wanted some one to cheer his life. He wanted a sunbeam to illumine his path through life.

McGUFF (*rises*)—Let him walk on railroad tracks the same as I do. (*Sits.*)

LEONORA—Well, your honor, he begged so hard for me to be his sunbeam that I consented to be his radiator! He fell on his knees and said he'd kill himself if I refused him, and I didn't want to be an accessory to a murder. Still, I wanted some time to think it over. I've had one husband, and I know something about the deceitful creatures. But MR. PIPPINS seemed to be in a hurry, and I didn't want him to die in our house. I told him I couldn't jump at a chance as quickly as others might. That I was a sensible woman, and appreciated the fact that he had a big bank account and his life insured. Yet—he might outlive me. (*Sobs and powders face.*) He said that he always proposed to his wives in a hurry, and said he couldn't wait! He didn't want to break up his methods. He offered me his hand and heart right there and then, and I accepted, with a proviso. That he was to wait four weeks to see if he really would get over the consumption. But no! He would not wait. He seized me in his arms and carried me—kidnapped me from my own home. (*Groans from the* JURY. DOCTOR *rises, looks at* PIPPINS *and then at* LEONORA.)

DOCTOR—It's a good thing you're under oath. (*Takes seat.*)

JUDGE—He actually carried you away? Kidnapped you?

LEANORA Yes, your honor! I screamed and kicked and tried to escape, but he is a giant in strength, and a very determined man. (PIPPINS *coughs violently.*) He carried me about four miles. (JURY *groans.* OFFICER *wants to strike* PIPPINS.) He carried me to a particular minister who, he said, had done all of his matrimonial business before. When we arrived there the minister was not at home, so we had to walk back.

JUDGE—Walk back! Didn't he carry you back?

LEONORA—No, your honor! He said he was tired carrying me four miles. He bade me good night at my own door, and he went away. That is the last I ever saw of him. I waited for him to come and kidnap me the next night, but he didn't. (*Begins to weep.*) And I had a new dress all made up with ruching down the side, fluted and flared and trimmed with real point lace and jet ornaments. The waist was of black silk, baggy sleeves a la Louis the Fourteenth, and my hair was dressed with five rolls and waves. My veil was a dream, with sprigs of orange blossoms. I tell you, I was a dream, if I do say it myself, and I would have had all the women green with envy, but he disappointed me, and broke my heart. (*Weeps violently, and it starts the* JURY, JUDGE, OFFICER *and lawyers into sobs and tears.*)

FUSSYBOY—Your honor and gentlemen of the JURY and ladies! This is the most heartless case of "throw down" it has ever been my fate to hear of or be interested in. There is no money on earth that can heal a bruised heart. We seek some balm for this shattered heart. $5,000! A mere bagatelle.

That would not heal half of my client's torn and trampled upon heart. Still, we'll take it. Take it as a lesson to gay, heartless Lotharios like that monster seated chuckling there over his cruel work. Oh! your honor, and gentlemen and ladies of the JURY (*points to plaintiff*), look upon that frail and withering form, made so by the base promises of that creature resembling a man! I ask you to shed tears if you have any to shed, for my client. She has told you the solemn truth in all its harrowing details, and to further substantiate the truth spoken by her, I call to the witness stand AMELIA BEDELIA ARROWROOT. (AMELIA, *the lady friend of the plaintiff, comes to the stand.*) She will corroborate all the details as reluctantly given by the crushed lily—my client.

JUDGE—Do you understand the nature of an oath?

AMELIA—I've heard my father use them.

(SNAP *arises.*)

SNAP.—Your honor, and gentlemen and ladies of the JURY, I represent the much maligned person, ABIJAH PIPPINS, my client. First, I will cross-examine the witness. Do you know the defendant?

AMELIA—No. sir.

SNAP.—Do you know the plaintiff?

AMELIA—Yes, sir.

SNAP.—Do you know any of the details leading up to this most infamous attempt at blackmail, coercion and villification?

AMELIA—No, sir.

SNAP.—Has the plaintiff ever told you of the prospects she would have in case she sued said de-

fendant in this court of appellate jurisdiction and legal acumen?

AMELIA—Yes, sir.

SNAP.—Did you behold said act of forcible kidnapping coming under the head of habeas corpus, section 2, page 45, State laws of jurisprudence, Littleton or Coke?

AMELIA—No, sir.

SNAP.—Then it is obvious to the court and intelligent JURY that the claim of abduction nolens volens, fiat Justicia, ruat coellum, is not part nor parcel of being an accessory on your part.

AMELIA—Yes, sir.

SNAP.—Nor could the actual occurrence have taken place homicidal or technical, with malice or forethought, create a desire for his perpetual incarceration?

AMELIA—No, sir.

SNAP.—That is all. (*Witness steps down.*) Now, your honor, and ladies and gentlemen of the JURY, the most important witness for the plaintiff has been upon the stand, and what does she know? Yes, sir! No, sir! Is this evidence in a court of law? A child could have fathomed my legal phrases and meaning. Oh! your honor, and—I came near forgetting the ladies and gentlemen of that intelligent and very select JURY! I want you to look at my client, ABIJAH PIPPINS! He is actually tottering to his grave, and how could he kidnap a big, overgrown woman, weighing almost two hundred pounds. (LEONORA *shrieks and weeps.*) That my client, who cannot move about without the aid of his

crutches, could kidnap and carry off a lady who has had a few husbands, is most preposterous! If my client carried her off in his arms, who carried him? Who carried his crutches? I say it is a base fabrication, a troubled dream, a hallucination created by late suppers or home made mince pies. My client has done well by this town. Four of his wives are buried here. He has patronized your doctors and undertakers. He is a public spirited man, and wants to see progress in his own town. That's why all his wives were selected from this town. He is in favor of home industries! Oh, your honor, and ladies and gentlemen of the JURY, look at my client. The learned legal brother who is trying to get $5,000 out of him as balm for a bruised heart accused him of chuckling. (PIPPINS *coughs.*) Does that sound like chuckling! Oh, again I say to you, this is a base conspiracy. The idea of my client kidnapping that woman! Why, it would take two piano movers to kidnap her. I place my case in your hands. Look at the evidence on both sides. Look at the healthy countenance of the plaintiff. The dying expression on my client's face. The look of anticipation on the opposing counsel, and upon the truthful and confiding look upon my own features. I rely on your sound judgment, and feel sure that the conspirators and blackmailers will fail in their plot to extort money from ABIJAH PIPPINS. I will attend to that end of it myself. (*Sits down and fans himself.*)

MCGUFF—I rise to demand punishment on the base caitiff. Here I stand solid as a rock.

DOCTOR—Sit down, or I'll rock you to sleep! (*Strikes him.*)

JUDGE—Gentlemen and ladies of the JURY, you have heard the evidence on both sides. If you give a verdict for the plaintiff, let it be balm enough to go all over her heart and heal it. If you find a verdict of acquittal on the charge of kidnapping and breach of promise for the defendant, so let it be known. Silence in the court while the JURY confers. (JURY *confers.* LEONORA *weeps.* LEVI *shouts his wares. Then* JUDGE *raps for order.* DOCTOR *rises.*)

DOCTOR—We have agreed upon a verdict. That is—I have agreed on it—and I made the rest agree to it also.

JUDGE What is your verdict?

DOCTOR. That the plaintiff in claiming that the defendant kidnapped her did not prove her claim, but the verdict is that she kidnaps ABIJAH PIPPINS. He belongs to her.

LEONORA—Give me room. I'll have him!

(*Bus. In a moment all is confusion.* LEONORA *dashes after* PIPPINS, *who runs to the* JUDGE *for protection. The* JUDGE *pushes him down into* LEONORA'S *arms. She takes his crutches from him and leads him down centre in triumph.*)

LEONORA—I've got him at last!

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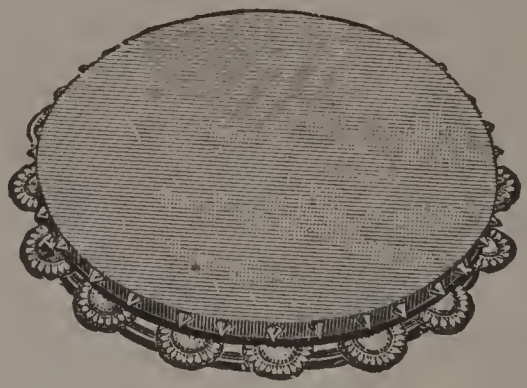

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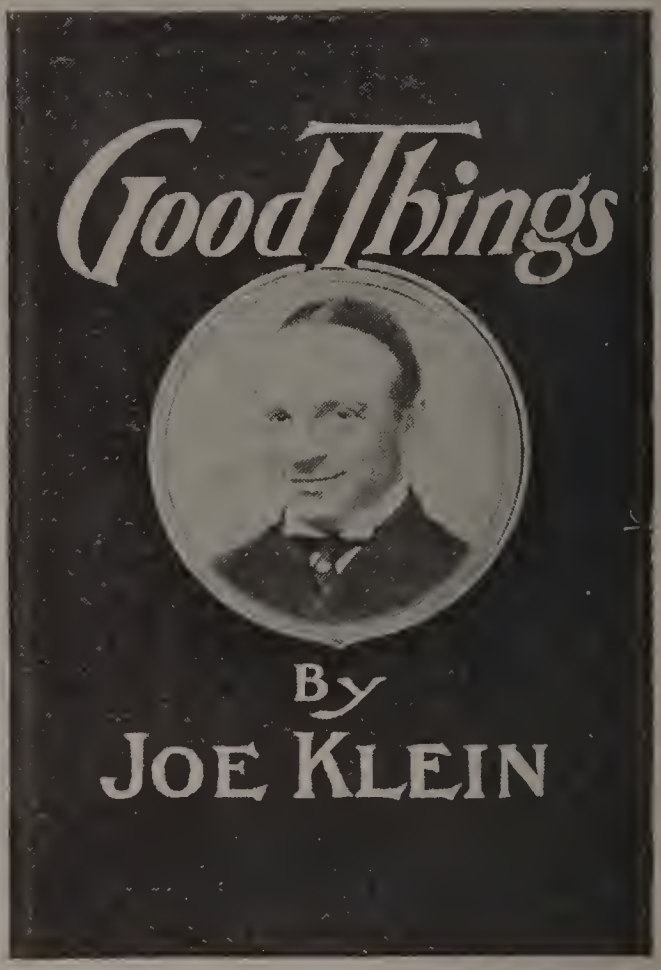

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